Jenny Banh

Hong Kong’s Lost and Found

Lost: Castle Peak Bay fisheries ironed over by metal rises
   “reclaimed” is the refrain
Found: snowy moon cakes with mango fill-in
   Evolving tradition or mongrel emissions?

Lost: 1960’s female factory workers who sewed to keep city hearth strong
   Garment District in Central extinct
Found: 2009 female office workers who are barren
   .97 is not enough!

Lost: British colonialism of the mind and body
   “No dogs or Chinese” the British signs say
Found: Chinese neocolonialism of the mind and body
   “No democracy, learn Putonghua” Beijing says

Lost: 3 month old baby sailing off to US for the Midwest
   Awash in the Occident
Found: 33 year old woman first time returning, to see what she can
   excavate in the Orient

Hong Kong Symphony

*Snarling, croaking, reading red box rolling*
*Hiss, murmur, doors clacking*
*Wush wush scream: jealous black air- biting me*
*Rhythmic rumblings, tires screeching*

*Masked Crowds howling: plates shouting*
*Plop pop. Fizz,*
*Suited Warrior Deluge: Wrestling, nudging, “cacophonous “ai ya!”: yapping waaaaaaas*
*slurp, crash, muu-aah, moa-aaah*

*Crescendo cells Crying , clanging*
*“Néih hóu: Hello: Hola: Umsh bzi: Wei*
*Bonjour: Namasté: Guten Tag: Mabuhay*
*Foiled forked tongues: staccato, diminuendo*
Tickling me

Like a fire-red metal dragon: Double Decker
Start. stop. Mouth- EAT.
Start. stop. Mouth- EAT.
doors Wush wush, scream, chhhhhhhik
Ding ding, zing: cards raised. Mysteries exchanged

Klunk, klink
    Bang,
Clash, crash,
Goes my Hong Kong Symphony